

AS SOCIETY WOMEN WILL BE POSED BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS IN TABLEAUX VIVANTS FOR THE RESTORATION OF WASHINGTON'S HOME.

MISS CAROLINA WASHINGTON BOND.
"A THING OF BEAUTY."

"ECHO."



"THE FLOWER GIRL."



"BUTTERFLY CATCHER."



"A BIRD CHARMER."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Prominent Women Inaugurate the Gay Season by a Series of Living Pictures—Facts and Fancies for the Domestic Sphere.

LIVING MINIATURES

Mrs. Gebhard, Mrs. Lee Tailor and a Host of Other Pretty Women to Be Pictures for Charity.

The series of tableaux vivants to be given at Sherry's on Easter Monday will have a threefold interest to all patriotic Americans. In the first place, the goodly sum to accrue from the entertainment will be used for the restoration of the Washington home at Mount Vernon, one of the few historic landmarks in this country. Secondly, beautiful American women will represent various interesting art conceptions of different countries and periods, and lastly, the arrangement and posing of the tableaux will be superintended by New York artists who have made a special study of portrait and figure painting.

The art programme will be varied by a chorus of choir boys from Grace Church, harp solos by Maud Morgan and singing by Miss Field.

The opening tableau will be a symbolic representation of America, arranged by Mr. Operl, with Mrs. Stanford White posing as the central figure.

One of Botticelli's angels in floating draperies, crowned with the mystical circle, will be represented by Miss Redmond.

During the tableau "An Easter Hymn," also arranged by Mr. Operl, the choir boys of Grace Church will render Easter melodies.

Miss Polly Whitfield and Miss Winthrop Gray will appear in the group entitled

"Winter," posed and arranged by Mr. Gregory.

In the tableau "Cupid and Psyche" the part of the little love god will be taken by Victor Weidener, the son of Carl Weidener, the millionaire painter, who poses the group.

Mrs. Kenneth Frazier will appear as "Sainte Cecilia," according to the painter's (Nudok) conception of the character, posed, of course, by her artist husband. Miss Maud Morgan will render a harp solo during this tableau.

Miss Field will sing while the curtain is being raised on a picture of "June," in which Mrs. Fred Gebhard will be posed by Mr. James L. Breese. Mr. Breese will also superintend the arrangement of an imitation of the flower picture by Carolus Duran, "La Marchande de Fleur," with Mrs. Leslie Cotton as the flower girl. "Marie Antoinette and Her Family," from the famous Vigne Le Brun picture, will be under the supervision of Mr. Gregory.

Other interesting pictures will be Van Dyke's "Charles L." a group of three children in royal attire, a popular conception of the Spanish coquette, "Carmel," and a group of maidens, classic in profile and costume, reclining on a rose-festooned marble bench in the stately, graceful attitudes of the Athenian damsels in Mr. Stephen's beautiful picture, "Summer."

The entire entertainment is under the direct supervision of Miss Amy Townsend, assisted in the stage arrangements by Mr. Operl. There will be music between the tableaux, and the choir boys will give Easter selections at the beginning and close of the programme.

One of the most interesting features of the entertainment will be the "Living Miniature," which Mr. Peter Marie will pose. There will be a large oval frame set in a

curtained space, and the figures will stand in this frame. Electric lights will illuminate the background, and the special lighting of the miniature will be obtained from an illumination from the front.

Something especially charming will be two miniatures illustrating one theme, (a) L'Amour fait passer le Temps, (b) Le Temps fait passer L'Amour. These will be arranged by Mr. Carl H. Widener, the well-known artist, who has successfully painted a number of miniatures for Mr. Marie and others. The pictures will illustrate a French song, two verses of which will be sung during the exhibition of the tableaux.

Miss Carolina Washington Bond will personate "A Thing of Beauty." Miss Bond's appearance in the tableaux is especially appropriate, as she is a direct descendant of Colonel Samuel Washington, the brother of George Washington. Colonel Samuel M. married Miss Anne Stephen. Their son, George Stephen Washington, married Miss Lucy Payne. The son of this union was Samuel Walter Washington, and their daughter, Lucy Washington, married John Bainbridge Parkett. Miss Parkett married Montgomery Bond, and their daughter, Miss Caroline Washington Bond, is the beautiful young woman appearing in the tableaux. Mrs. Bond, in her girlhood, resided at Mount Vernon, and has slept in every bedroom in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Bond reside at Elizabeth, N. J.

The other three tableaux which belong in the "Marie's Collection" of this afternoon's exhibition are "Echo," "Mme. Charneuse" and "Les Papillotes Sedit."

Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhineland and Mrs. J. Lee Taylor, who pose in several characters and are numbered among the handsomest in the coterie of society women, will lend their presence to the occasion.

PENELOPE CONFESSES.

"Never," said Penelope, "never again shall I indulge in deception. The unpleasant person who first said that honesty was the best policy was right."

"He'd rejoice to be corroborated by you," commented Priscilla, with feminine amiability. "But what's the matter? Did you send down word to Laura that you were not at home when she had already seen you at the window?"

"No; it's much worse than that. It's a case of documentary evidence, not merely Laura's eyes. She's near-sighted, anyway."

"Oh! The family Bible, with its annoying birth dates, I suppose?" hazarded Priscilla.

"It isn't that. I don't mind having any one know that I was born in 1875."

"Well, what is it? We'll not discuss the 1875 date now," said Priscilla, magnanimously.

"It's this: The other day Harry Wentworth wrote, asking me if he might call on Thursday. Now Harry needs prodding to make him really attentive, you know."

"How should I know?" demanded Priscilla, pointedly.

"Never mind. Just listen. I wrote and told him that he might, and at the same time I wrote to Julius White, telling him that I would be home on Friday and that I should be glad to see him then, as he requested. Then I mixed them up and sent the note written to Julius to Harry."

"Well, what harm was done? Harry surely doesn't expect you never to see any other men when he hasn't even proposed to you."

"Of course not, but, you see, Julius White hadn't asked to come Friday, and the note to him enclosed in Harry's envelope was merely—well, you know—a sort of incentive to competition."

"Oh, well, of course that was a bit of deceit, but it was justifiable. I shouldn't feel remorse for so little a thing as that."

"Remorse? You're crazy. Pish. It isn't remorse; it's detection. Julius was with Harry when my mixed-up note arrived, and Harry just handed it over, and so my plot was discovered. Oh! Priscilla, it's a hideous thing to be a criminal—especially a detected criminal."

ANOTHER SOCIAL CYCLING CLUB.

A prominent social cycling club is the Jaffray, named after its originator, Mrs. Robert Jaffray, Jr., a popular society wheelwoman. The club has held three music rides each week during the winter at the American Theatre Hall. The final indoor ride of the season was arranged for last Tuesday, but was postponed one week on account of the illness of Mrs. Jaffray. A handsome gold watch, specially made by Tiffany for use on the wheel, from the members, and a beautiful basket of flowers from Professor E. Golden, the instructor of the club, were, however, presented at her residence. Among the members of the club, which will hold its first outdoor run on June 5, are Miss Anna M. Nash, Mrs. Murray Livingston, Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, Mr. Augustus W. Durkee, Mrs. John W. Costree, Miss Katharine Booth, Mrs. John B. Lewis, Mrs. Benjamin Norton, Mrs. John Turner Atterbury, Mrs. Theodore Weston, Miss Schwab, Misses Lucy and Emily Schwab, Mrs. Perry Williams, Mrs. Melbert B. Cary, Mrs. George W. Cary, Mrs. Williams S. Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav H. Schwab, Mr. and Mrs. Louis V. Davidson, Mrs. W. Lannan Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Tillinghast, Mrs. Arthur H. Masten, Mrs. Everett Herdick, Miss Helen Parish, Mrs. James Cary, Jr., and Mr. Robert Jaffray, Jr. At the final meet, on Tuesday, there will be fancy and trick riding, followed by a collation.

ENTER MONKEY AND SNAKE.

One of the latest caprices of fashion commands itself particularly to certain members of the animal kingdom. The kid may gambol on its traditional green in comparative security; just now, and the alligator need not fear to show his head above the waters of his native bayou. Fashion has ceased to smile upon them as they appear in manufacture and commerce, and until they have been long enough out of style to warrant a revival they have no cause to look forward tremblingly to careers as card cases, pocketbooks, belts and the general leather accessories of feminine wardrobes. The day of destruction has descended instead upon the simian, and the serpent tribes.

The young woman who shrieked most shrilly last summer when a lizard wriggled across her path, is this summer clasping her slender or athletic waist with a narrow band of green lizard skin, made attractive by the addition of one of those deceptively severe buckles for which jewelers delight to charge large sums. The portrait of her dearest friend looks out upon her from a frame of snake skin. Her very



"LOVE MAKES TIME PASS."



"TIME MAKES LOVE PASS."

OPENING TABLEAUX.

prayer books may be bound in the skin of a blue descendant of the first serpent of unhappy memory.

Or if she prefers it, monkey skin is equally fashionable. Her travelling bag, her stationery portfolio, her card case, her belt, her picture frames and the rest may be made of the hide of some of the distant connections among the "Banderlog" as Mr. Kipling calls them.

But she has no qualms, for when she goes forth to purchase her summer paraphernalia every well regulated feminine being puts aside all recollection of her winter course in the theory of evolution.

Meantime the erstwhile popular providers of winds and alligator truffles are giving their hearty approval to the new fad.

A YOUTHFUL EPICURE.

Some years ago, when the W. W. Astors were living in New York, Mrs. Astor gave a lunch party to a number of little girls who were friends of her own little daughter, then aged about five. After the entertainment was over one little fair-haired maiden was wishing the hostess good-by when Mrs. Astor said:

"I hope you have had a pleasant time, dear."

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "only the peas were not cooked enough."

THEY PRAY CONTINUALLY.

The Sisters of the Cenacle have for the model of their system the act of those devout women who, with the Apostles, were gathered around Mary in the Cenaculum, or upper chamber, preparing themselves by prayer and supplication for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. The twenty-two houses which they have established in this century in different parts of the world are so many places of continual prayer. At St. Regis House, in West One Hundred and Fortieth street, as elsewhere, this French order is exceedingly active in the missionary effort for which it was organized.

The most reasoning characters are often the easiest abashed.

FOR DOMESTIC WORKERS.

When doctors order Graham and whole wheat bread and forbid the usual white flour preparations, and when patients absolutely refuse to have any other form of the staff of life than that to which they are accustomed, the provider's life is not a happy one. Sometimes she is able to induce both physician and invalid to compromise on the long, thin rolls and the "finger" rolls of white flour. These being almost entirely crust, are regarded as much more digestible than ordinary bread.

Headaches, nervousness and a long list of evils follow in the wake of unaltered sleeping-rooms. Draughts cause equally undesirable complications. Beds should not be placed in the direct line between windows and doors. Some prudent housewives have four small screws placed on the window sashes, two at the top on each side and two below them, about five inches. When the window is lowered to this depth every night, a sort of screen made of veiling is fastened by means of strings to the screws. This permits fresh air to enter freely, but prevents a strong wind from blowing against the sleepers.

Even before the days of fresh tomatoes, tomato salad is not an impossible luxury. To make it, rub the contents of a can of tomatoes through a coarse sieve; soak a half-box of gelatine in cold water for half an hour; pour in enough hot water to dissolve it thoroughly; mix with a pint of the strained tomatoes; add a little salt; pour into round moulds, and put in a cool place to harden. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

The woman who regards scraps with a careful eye has found a new use for discarded suede gloves. The unsold portions above the wrists may be cut into squares and triangles, and made into cushion covers by stitching them upon a square foundation. When various shades of a single color are used, the effect is rather pleasing.

Vinegar is an admirable liquid for lamp cleaning purposes. When burners have become coated with oil they may be restored to their original state of cleanliness by boiling in vinegar. If wicks are soaked in vinegar before they are used at all, and are then thoroughly dried, they will "draw" well and will not smoke.

When the fastidious family appetite wanes of oranges for breakfast, and will have none of grape fruit, it is sometimes restored to its normal tone by breakfast salads. Sliced tomatoes without a dressing are an excellent tonic. Fresh lettuce, dressed with oil and a dash of lemon juice, is also good. Sometimes cereals are served with a little tart jelly, and this takes the place of the monotonous breakfast fruits.

THE VULGARIZING OF DE

Delft plaques to right of them, delft plates to left of them, delft cups before them, and delft, delft, delft imprinted all over everything which is capable of being marked with blue windmills and blue ships. Isn't the delft mad because a nuisance?

You awaken in the morning to the sound of a clock where hands point solemnly to 7 over a solemn blue Dutch ship and under a solemn blue Dutch windmill. Ten to one you brush your hair with a delft-backed brush and extract your brooches from a delft-tray and catch your rings of a delft ring tree. You breakfast on delft china, or at any rate, delft-patterned china. You go to a morning reading. Behold, it is in a delft room whose walls show endless processions of blue windmills and a whole Homeric fleet of blue ships. The divans are banked with delft pillows, the furniture is positively painted white with the inevitable blue designs meandering over it.

You go to a luncheon. It is a sweet affair. You have a glimpse of a blue and white table of delft embroidered in the perpetual ship and the everlasting windmill. The flowers—they are blue and white—are arranged by a florist in a central windmill, with side pieces in the ship design. Your hostess flutters about clad—think of it, ye artists!—in a frock where modified ships cause modified windmills to appear on a skirt seven yards wide. For even the manufacturers of dress fabrics have fallen victims to the delft craze and every tennis court and every beach promenade in the country will probably see delft maidens a-futter this Summer.

And to think that there was a time when delft, with its soft, unglazed blue and white, was worthy the collector's zeal!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
A Workingwoman.—I shall, with pleasure, shortly write an article on the subject as you request.

Mrs. E. F.—The formula you request was given February 29 in the Journal.

Rosebud.—Soap and water, with plenty of fresh air, are the best cosmetics for a young girl.

L. W.—There is nothing known to science that will change the color of the hair under the conditions you name, except a dye or stain. I will give the other formula you request in a later paper.

A man in New York has invented a simple manner of taking exercise, "fall in the day's work," as it were. This may be suggested to the business woman of sedentary occupation. He lives on the top floor of a great family hotel, and every morning he walks down the whole twelve flights to breakfast.

We tarnish the splendor of our best time by too often speaking of them.